

Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose.

And as for you your selfe (our quondam Queene)

You haue a Father able to maintaine you,

And better 'twere, you troubled him, then France.

*Mar.* Peace impudent, and shamelesse Warwicke,

Proud setter vp, and puller downe of Kings,

I will not hence, till with my Talke and Teares

(Both full of Truth) I make King *Lewis* behold

Thy slye conueyance, and thy Lords false loue,

*Post. blowing a horn with him.*

For both of you are Birds of selfe-same Feather.

*Lewis.* Warwicke, this is some poste to vs, or thee.

*Enter the Poste.*

*Post.* My Lord Ambassador,

These Letters are for you. *Speakes to Warwick.*

Sent from your Brother Marquesse *Montague.*

These from our King, vnto your Maiesty. *To Lewis.*

And Madam, these for you: *To Margaret.*

From whom, I know not.

*They all read their Letters.*

*Oxf.* I like it well, that our faire Queene and Mistris

Smiles at her newes, while *Warwicke* frownes at his.

*Prince Ed.* Nay marke how *Lewis* stampes as he were

netled. I hope, all's for the best.

*Lew.* Warwicke, what are thy Newes?

And yours, faire Queene.

*Mar.* Mine such, as fill my heart with vnhop'd ioyes.

*War.* Mine full of sorrow, and hearts discontent.

*Lew.* What? has your King married the Lady *Grey*?

Sends me a Paper to perswade me Patience?

Is this th' Alliance that he seekes with France?

Dare he presume to scorne vs in this manner?

*Mar.* I told your Maiesty as much before:

This proueth *Edwards* Loue, and *Warwickes* honesty.

*War.* King *Lewis*, I heere protest in sight of heauen,

And by the hope I haue of heauenly blisse,

That I am cleere from this misdeed of *Edwards*;

No more my King, for he dishonors me,

But mock himselfe, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget, that by the House of *Yorke*

My Father came vntimely to his death?

Did I let passe th' abuse done to my Neece?

Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?

Did I put *Henry* from his Native Right?

And am I guerdon'd at the last, with Shame?

Shame on himselfe, for my Desert is Honor.

And to repaire my Honor lost for him,

I heere renounce him, and returne to *Henry*.

My Noble Queene, let former grudges passe,

And henceforth, I am thy true Seruitour:

I will reuenge his wrong to Lady *Bona*,

And replant *Henry* in his former state.

*Mar.* Warwicke,

These words haue turn'd my Hate, to Loue,

And I forgive, and quite forget old faults,

And ioy that thou becom'st King *Henries* Friend.

*War.* So much his Friend, I his vnfaid Friend,

That if King *Lewis* vouchsafe to furnish vs

With some few Bands of chosen Soldiours,

Ile vndertake to Land them on our Coast,

And force the Tyrant from his seat by *Warre*.

'Tis not his new-made Bride shall succour him,

And as for *Clarence*, as my Letters tell me,

Hee's very likely now to fall from him,

For matching more for wanton Lust, then Honor,

Or then for strength and safety of our Country.

*Bona.* Deere Brother, how shall *Bona* be reueng'd,

But by thy helpe to this distressed Queene?

*Mar.* Renowned Prince, how shall Poore *Henry* live,

Vnlesse thou rescue him from foule dispaire?

*Bona.* My quarrel, and this English Queens, are one.

*War.* And mine faire Lady *Bona*, ioynes with yours.

*Lew.* And mine, with hers, and thine, and *Margarets*.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolu'd

You shall haue ayde.

*Mar.* Let me giue humble thanks for all at once,

*Lew.* Then Englands Messenger, returne in Poste,

And tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,

That *Lewis* of France, is sending ouer Maskers

To recull it with him, and his new Bride.

Thou seest what's past, go feare thy King withall.

*Bona.* Tell him, in hope hee'l proue a widower shortly,

I weare the Willow Garland for his sake.

*Mar.* Tell him, my mourning weeds are layde aside,

And I am ready to put Armor on.

*War.* Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,

And therefore Ile vn-Crowne him, er't be long.

There's thy reward, be gone. *Exit Post.*

*Lew.* But Warwicke,

Thou and Oxford, with fife thousand men

Shall crosse the Seas, and bid false *Edward* battaile:

And as occasion serues, this Noble Queen

And Prince, shall follow with a fresh Supply.

Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:

What Pledge haue we of thy firme Loyalty?

*War.* This shall assure my constant Loyalty,

That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,

Ile ioyne mine eldest daughter, and my Ioy,

To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands.

*Mar.* Yes, I agree, and thanke you for your Motion,

Sonne *Edward*, she is faire and Vertuous,

Therefore delay not, giue thy hand to Warwicke,

And with thy hand, thy faith irreuocable,

That onely Warwickes daughter shall be thine.

*Prin. Ed.* Yes, I accept her, for she well deserues it,

And heere to pledge my Vow, I giue my hand,

*He giues his hand to War.*

*Lew.* Why stay we now? These soldiers shalbe leuied,

And thou Lord *Bourbon*, our High Admirall

Shall waite them ouer with our Royall Fleet.

I long till *Edward* fall by Warres mischance,

For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.

*Exeunt. Manet Warwicke.*

*War.* I came from *Edward* as Ambassador,

But I returne his sworne and mortall Foe:

Matter of Marriage was the charge he gaue me,

But dreadfull Warre shall answer his demand.

Had he none else to make a stale but me?

Then none but I, shall turne his Left to Sorrow.

I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne,

And Ile be Cheefe to bring him downe againe:

Not that I pittie *Henries* misery,

But seeke Reuenge on *Edwards* mockery. *Exit.*

*Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerset, and*

*Montague.*

*Rich.* Now tell me Brother *Clarence*, what thinke you

Of this new Marriage with the Lady *Grey*?

Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice?

*Cl.* Alas, you know, tis farre from hence to France,

How could he stay till Warwicke made returne?

*Som.* My Lords, forbear this talke: heere comes the

King. *Flourish.*

*Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Penbrooke, Staf-*

*ford, Hastings: foure stand on one side,*

*and foure on the other.*

*Rich.* And his well-chosen Bride.

*Clarence.* I minde to tell him plainly what I thinke.

*King.* Now Brother of *Clarence*,

How like you our Choyce,

That you stand pensieue, as halfe malecontent?

*Clarence.* As well as *Lewis* of France,

Or the Earle of *Warwicke*,

Which are so weake of courage, and in iudgement,

That they le take no offence at our abuse.

*King.* Suppose they take offence without a cause:

They are but *Lewis* and *Warwicke*, I am *Edward*,

Your King and *Warwickes*, and must haue my will.

*Rich.* And shall haue your will, because our King:

Yet hastie Marriage seldome proueth well.

*King.* Yea, Brother *Richard*, are you offended too?

*Rich.* Not I: no:

God forbid, that I should wish them seuer'd,

Whom God hath ioyn'd together:

I and 'twere pittie, to funder them,

That yoke so well together.

*King.* Setting your skornes, and your mislike aside,

Tell me some reason, why the Lady *Grey*

Should not become my Wife, and Englands Queene?

And you too, *Somerset*, and *Montague*,

Speake freely what you thinke.

*Clarence.* Then this is mine opinion:

That King *Lewis* becomes your Enemye,

For mocking him about the Marriage

Of the Lady *Bona*.

*Rich.* And Warwicke, doing what you gaue in charge,

Is now dis-honored by this new Marriage.

*King.* What, if both *Lewis* and *Warwick* be appeas'd,

By such inuention as I can deuise?

*Mount.* Yet, to haue ioyn'd with France in such alliance,

Would more haue strength'ned this our Commonwealt

'Gainst forraine stormes, then any home-bred Marriage.

*Hast.* Why, knowes not *Mountague*, that of it selfe,

England is safe, if true within it selfe?

*Mount.* But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.

*Hast.* 'Tis better vsing France, then trusting France:

Let vs be back'd with God, and with the Seas,

Which he hath giu'n for fence impregnable,

And with their helpes, onely defend our selues:

In them, and in our selues, our safetie lyes.

*Clar.* For this one speech, Lord *Hastings* well deserues

To haue the Heire of the Lord *Hungerford*.

*King.* I, what of that? it was my will, and graunt,

And for this once, my Will shall stand for Law.

*Rich.* And yet me thinks, your Grace hath not done well,

To giue the Heire and Daughter of Lord *Scales*

Vnto the Brother of your louing Bride;

Shée better would haue fitted me, or *Clarence*:

But in your Bride you burie Brotherhoode.

*Clar.* Or else you would not haue bestow'd the Heire

Of the Lord *Bonwill* on your new Wiues Sonne,

And leaue your Brothers to goe speede elsewhere.

*King.* Alas, poore *Clarence*: is it for a Wife

That thou art malecontent? I will prouide thee.

*Clarence*

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